



Eastwood Gazette



EASTWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, EDMONTON

Vol. 2, No. 4.

Friday, June 8th, 1934.

Price, 10 Cents

EASTWOOD HIGH SCHOOL 1933 GRADUATING CLASS 1934



H. SEMENOV, BILL JONES, MISS JONES, M. JONES, A. J. JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES, JONES



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EDWARD BULLOCK, EDITH LYONS, DUNCAN BULLOCK, M. HUBBET, LYLE BULLOCK, LON WARD, B. YOUNG, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK, JANE BULLOCK

When students enter Eastwood in Grade IX it always seems a long way ahead to look forward four or five years to the final examinations in Grade XII. The present graduating class is completing that long time, and looking back finds it not anywhere near so long as it seemed four years ago.

Some of you probably look forward with eager anticipation to the delights of uni-

versity life, or to a year at the Normal school. Others plan to continue school experience in Commercial or Technical classes. Some of you will find occupation in offices, shops, factories, on the farm or at home-making, in the not-too-distant future. Wherever you go, I hope that the associations formed, and the experiences endured or enjoyed at Eastwood will go with you, and will add to

those qualities and memories that make life richer and better.

Last Sunday I listened to an eloquent sermon on the coming of "a new heaven and a new earth." As I listened I thought "Why, that is just what every real teacher should have believed." Our school motto, "Velle est posse," produced and accepted by our Students'

Union is evidence that Eastwood students believe in the passing of old inadequacies and the dawn of a more perfect day. May you keep that hope and vision strong through all triumphs and discouragements in the years ahead. It will be my privilege to help maintain the same faith and purpose alive in the classes that succeed you.

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Who's Who in Grade XII.**MOLLY ABRAM**

Molly is a jolly lass
She attends the Assembly Hall class.
She sits and chatters all day long,
Yet we'll be sorry when she's gone.

DOROTHY ALLAN

Here's Dorothy Allan, a quiet young miss,
Who early each morning comes in on the bus.
She has one ambition, when school shall disperse
To enter a hospital and come out a nurse.

HAROLD ANDERSON

Now Harold Anderson, bonny Scotch lad
Pride of his teachers and mother and dad,
Could omit literature without much loss,
And aims in the future to be his own boss.

KATHLEEN ANDERSON

The Anderson motto is: "Bigger and Better";
But tallest, I'm sure that Bill wouldn't let her.
So Curly subscribes with her Algebra score
To hit a new high as never before.

GEORGE AUDLEY

And Geoge has secured an excellent name
As orator; politics were always his fort.
We look to the day when Audley has fame
He'll find us a job . . . the white collar sort.

HELEN BACON

Now Helen goes marketing, intent on the goal,
Like many a golfer she aims for the hole.
Sh's Bacon to us, a maker of marks
But look out in springtime she's dear as the larks.

JACK BAILEY

In languages too, Jack Bailey's supreme,
His French and his Latin are only the cream.
You should hear him speak out in the voice of a rooster,
Quite useful to us when the school wants a booster.

OREN BAKER

Now Oren's a millionaire,
Drives in a Ford.
Be nice to him, children
He's on the school board.

JOHN BASTIAN

Bastian is a fellow who always works alone,
He'd spend all day to dig a hole to bury an old bone.
As we all know he's best in Math.
When Mr. McCoy is on the warpath.

GIDEON BEAUCHAMP

Here's Gideon, the warrior, wielder of weapons,
The pen and the pencil, eraser forsooth.
We see him as judge in the coming of time,
A justice in law, not judge in a booth.

ALAN BELL

Give Bell just a chance in the scientists' game
He'll discover the why and the whereof of love;
The physics of sighs that vex every dame,
The magic of moonlight when Cupid's above.

DUNCAN BLACKIE

Duncan Blackie's a drummer, of no little merit.
If he had a dime he'd be willing to share it.
As to his future we can have no doubt
That he will end up as a mighty good scout.

ISOBEL BOND

Isobel Bond, a brown-eyed lass,
Is always full of fun;
One who chews gum during class,
But has her work all done.

FURLEY BOYES

There sits in the Assembly Hall
A guy named Furley Boyes,
In second period in the afternoon,
He's the one who makes the noise.

JOHN BRACHO

Who is this of Eastwood fame,
Who wears John Bracho for a name?
His dark hair shines with glossy sheen
We guess he uses brilliantine.

AGNES BRIEN

Agne Brien of the Assembly Hall class,
Is regarded by all as a smiling young lass.
When she goes anursing, she'll cure all our ills,
By the use of her smiles instead of her pills.

DONALD BRUCE

Don Bruce is a gardner, mows lawns by the foot,
And polishes leaves to remove the soot.
His glads and sweet peas win so much silverware,
That the police sent the warning "Of Burglars Beware!"

IRENE BULLOCK

The pride of the Bullocks is dark-eyed Irene,
At school she presides as the orchestra queen.
Of pins, academic, she's had her full share,
A teacher of music is how she will fare.

**A NOTE FROM OUR
PRESIDENT**

The students' activities for the year 1933-34 began with the election of the Students' Union Executive. The officers elected for the year have carried on their various duties throughout the year in conjunction with the room representatives and with the able advice of Miss Munro.

The first problem confronting the executive was the financing of school activities for the year. The principal source of revenue was, of course, the student fees. Other financial assistance came from a skating party, school dances and the orchestra concert. Financial responsibility was assumed for boys' and girls' sports, equipment, purchase of magazines, academic pins, athletic E's, etc., and grants to the Tennis Club, Glee Club as well as the orchestra.

We were fortunate in having regular "Lits" and also occasional musicals by the orchestra. The "Eastwood Gazette" has done its share in keeping the students in touch with the various school activities.

It is the desire of every Executive to fulfill their various duties to the best of their ability. We of the 1933-34 Executive have done our utmost and on retiring we wish to take this opportunity of extending our sincere thanks for the co-operation and support we have received from the students and staff during the past year. We sincerely wish that the new executive of 1934-35 may enjoy the greatest success in their efforts on behalf of Eastwood High School.

—MATT DAVIS.

GLEE CLUB

On Saturday, April 21st, the girls of the Glee Club enjoyed a successful hike to Groat Ravine. They concluded another year of very interesting activities when they were enteratined at the home of Mr. Leaver on the afternoon of Saturday, May 19th.

EASTWOOD GAZETTE

Official Paper of the Students' Union of Eastwood High School.

Editor-in-Chief.....Janet Watson
 Assistant-Editor.....Cecil Tredger
 Adviser.....J. R. Howard

FRIDAY, JUNE 8th, 1934.

EDITORIAL

IT IS with a somewhat startling sense of regret that we conclude our school life. The bright dreams and hopes of the future are somehow more ethereal now that we are starting out to fulfill them and the school seems as a safe harbour. As we look back we remember only the rainbow bits, the happy hours and the kindly things; and there have been so many. The past year in particular has meant much to us and we wish to offer our sincerest thanks to our teachers and to those students who have shown such kindly interest. Especially we are grateful to Mr. Hyde for the things he has shown us, to Miss Howard for her constant interest, to Mr. Leaver for his kind assistance, to Eva Shortridge for her generous help and to Ernie Shortliffe to whom we are truly grateful for his zeal in the cause of advertising. In truth Ernie has been the "sine qua non" of our finances. And we thank all our contributors and friends for their interest and co-operation throughout the year 1933-34.

And now as we set out on our "glorious adventure" we do so with greater faith and a firmer purpose because we know there are good people behind and beside us.

—THE EDITOR.

TENNIS

A meeting for those interested in tennis has been held and an executive elected as follows: President, Ben Samuel; treasurer, Bill Younie; secretary, Allister MacKenzie. The grounds committee is composed of Roger Conger, Frank Hall, Allister MacKenzie and Jack Bailey. Mr. Clarke supervises the club's activities.

After a great deal of strenuous labor the courts have been resurfaced and taped. Two new nets have been purchased and the courts are open for play. Three tournaments are being played off, girls' singles, boys' singles and mixed doubles. The fees are very small, 25 cents payable to any member of the tennis executive.

ORCHESTRA

Colorful Ukrainian dances by Cassie Mazurek and Julia Onyschuk featured the orchestra concert for the soldier patients of the Red Cross Hut under the direction of Mr. Hyde. The orchestra which consists of sixteen pieces was conducted by Mr. Bonner. Lyall Roper was a violin soloist, Irene Bullock gave piano solos, Mr. James Watson (a former student) was a vocalist and duets were sung by Winnifred and Irma Quick, also ex-Eastwoodites. This concluded the orchestra's public appearances for the year.

Since then the orchestra has been carrying on under the direction of Miss Carswell, straitened finances having necessitated the discontinuance of outside direction.

MARGARET BURN

Margaret is just one of the girls,
 One of the very rarest of pearls.
 Slow of speech but with plenty of grit,
 She Burns up knowledge with her wit.

ADA CHEADLE

Ada Cheadle is fond of bows here and there,
 When we asked her, she said, that beaux got in her hair.
 Of course, we must say, she's a winsome young lass
 The misogynist of the Grade XII class.

OLGA CHEK

There's Olga who sails like a soft summer cloud
 Through courses that form her blue sky.
 No storms can affect her, no tempest draw nigh
 A Chek that's not boastful nor proud.

TED CLARK

Ted Clark is a lad both wise and witty,
 He laughs and jokes with his friend "Kippy,"
 He'll be a dentist one of these days,
 And extract teeth in painless ways.

JEAN CLARKE

Jean Clarke is a lady from Room 21,
 She never stops till her work is all done.
 When she hits a baseball she sure is a wonder,
 She never goes wrong nor e're makes a blunder.

BILL COLEMAN

Bill Coleman's a grocer, sells raisins and bread,
 Has a dapper young clerk to serve in his stead.
 His soap flakes are famous, his cheeses sublime,
 But surely his eggs have served out their time.

NORMAN COLLINGWOOD

Norman, forsooth, is Collingwood sure,
 He never is rich but always is poor.
 He takes his work just as a lark
 And tries to speak French like Mr. Clarke.

ROGER CONGER

Oh, Roger's an engineer, digs in the ground,
 Consult him to see if your mining stock's sound,
 His answer will please you far more than it ought,
 For likely his "maybe" is not what you sought.

BETTY COOPER

Wee Betty's a housewife, sweeps floors and rugs for her meals,
 And tries out the new kinds of cakes.
 Till her family wails for some old-fashioned stew,
 "Please, mother, for our tummies' sakes."

ART CROCKETT

Art Crockett is a swimmer,
 He wields a mighty arm,
 But when he's thro' with high school,
 He's headed for a farm.

RUTH CRYDERMAN

Now Ruth's selling dresses, for evening or street,
 She advises that organdie makes you look sweet,
 But to be really smart, black satin is best,
 Providing your figure comes up to the test.

DON DANARD

Don Danard's a hero of the Saturday crowd
 A half-back who never looks proud;
 His sense of direction's regrettably thin
 For he once scored a goal for the others to win.

IRENE DAVIDSON

A newspaper reporter is Davie's ambition,
 We can be sure she'll land a position.
 She's not so small and she's not so slow,
 But her weakness is "If there's eats, let's go."

MATT DAVIS

Matt has the honor
 To be our president.
 We're all glad we put him there,
 For that office he was meant.

CHARLIE DE TRO

A chemist is Charlie, rolls pills by the peck,
 Advocates Sloane's for a pain in the neck.
 His specialty is a queer kind of yeast,
 That bears on the label, "For man or for beast."

ELMA DYSTER

With Elma there is loads of fun,
 Except when any work's begun.
 She does her work with precise care
 Keep up with her you wouldn't dare.

TOM EDGE

A secret on Tom I'm going to tell,
 He's as loyal as he can be;
 When I did hit the big fire bell,
 He never squealed on me.

ELIZABETH ELM

Betty Elm, sweet graduate,
 Far behind she'll leave our gate.
 For teaching school will be her fate,
 But happiness her faithful mate.



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MARGARET ELM

Margaret Elm from Hardisty,
Who left the glorious country,
That she might learn the modern way
Of writing stores for her pay.

AUGUSTA EVANS

A quaint young blonde with wavy hair,
Try to compete with her, we wouldn't dare.
Augusta will be a Master of Art,
She's very proficient at stealing your heart.

BOB FERRIER

Bob looks like Cantor of movie fame,
And how he can pitch a baseball game.
When Ferrier hurls it over the plate
The batter always strikes too late.

AGNES FLEMING

A hostess is Agnes at a mountain resort,
Advises the guests on matters of sport,
Whether fishing or tennis or mere standing around,
Is best for removing that mean extra pound.

PETER FORFYLOW

Now Peter's a miner and excavates coal,
The way that he burrows resembles a mole.
He's the first one to leave the underground pit,
When the whistle informs that it's time that he quit.

HAROLD GAMBLE

Harold Gamble's a fighter
And smokes big cigars;
He makes his opponents
See thousands of stars.

BRUCE GILCHRIST

Bruce Gilchrist is a silent man,
As taciturn as you can find.
A future Sherlock of police
His face shows not what's on his mind.

JACK GOODALL

Jack Goodall has brains that he uses to think,
Not partial to talking when others may preach.
A subject of study to him is just ink,
So he made an ink fountain that spouts an ink speech.

DOLLY GORDON

Dolly Gordon runs a night club,
Clients must have special cards,
The place is painted like a jungle,
Parrots, pigeons, pigs and 'pards.

KAY GRIERSON

A leader of students, Kay Grierson by name,
The role of a president provides her with fame.
Streamlined for the race she lets no one pass,
She'd run Eastwood High on a gallon of gas.

THORNTON GROSE

Small of stature, thick of chest,
And "Tubby" is his name,
The one who reads his hieroglyphs
Should reach the hall of fame.

FRANK HALL

Our Frank is quiet, yes 'tis so,
In this Hall he's done his best,
And probably in June he'll go
While we come back to rest.

ALEX HUDSON

Oh, Alex's an architect, plans well ahead,
To divide up the city in plots.
Plans to straighten the river, tho' curves are artistic,
Says he, "What a waste of good lots."

HOWARD HYLAND

Howard Hyland to Eastwood did come,
Hoping to find there some excellent fun.
He found his mistake, but, alas, 'twas too late,
The Eastwood instructors had soon sealed his fate.

BILL IRVING

Bill Irving's a promoter of logical stuff,
High pressure in salesmanship, sure there's no bluff.
He sells all his perfumes, his scents and his snuff,
No argument needed unless sales are tough.

CLARA JOHNCOCK

Young Clara's a farmer, has chickens for sale,
She feeds them according to charts.
They lay eggs by schedule, according to rule,
That's why they're in all the best marts.

LILY JORDAN

Lily Jordan's aim is high,
To be a doctor bye and bye.
Because it is not time to start,
She now is busy with her art.

MAY JORDAN

May is an artist of renown,
Her books are animated.
She'll keep her knowledge in her head
When she has graduated.

BOYS' SPORTS

Winding up a highly successful sporting year for Eastwood, we find ourselves with two championship teams, two track stars and several provincial records broken. The championships go to Ray Lambertson. Ray broke two provincial records in the two-mile and in the three-mile event, in the recent Highland Games, clipping 20 seconds off the two-mile and 12 seconds off the three-mile. Running in the same race, Andie Ainslie, a junior runner, came third. Running against senior runners, Andie did extremely well.

Eastwood's Juvenile football team under the expert coaching of Mr. Fisher has been going far in the City League and expect to go farther before the season is finished. From eight starts they have six wins and two draws. They only lack one thing, the support of Eastwood. The boys have been playing great games with only a few rooters to cheer them on. This championship team of ours has the following lineup: Goal, Dave Mitchell; backs, Lefty Brown, Charlie Wasmuth; halves, Alf Ryter, Ed Tomik, Don Stanley; forwards, Ken Brown, Elmer Geddes, Art Pomphrey, Billy Hales, Andie Ainslie; spares, Dave Larmour, Keith Meiklejohn. We might add that this is really the first year we have seriously taken up football in E.H.S.

Eastwood's championship ball team has probably won the McKnight cup for another year, but when this was written they had tied their first game. But even so we'd like to introduce you to Mr. McCoy's crack ball chasers: Catcher, Roger Conger; pitcher, Bob Ferrier; basemen, Charlie De Fro, Matt Davis, Jack Grimble; short stop, Irving Gaebell; fielders, "Brick" Younie, Tommy Morimoto, Don Stanley; subs, Norman Collingwood, Duncan Blackie, Cecil Tredger; coach and manager, Mr. McCoy.

Watch the bulletin board for further news.

PATRICIA JORDAN

But Patricia's detached from the faults of her age,
Like the true Jordan she's herself on the stage.
No use to treat Pat with contempt or with scorn,
With all her sweet petals she has a sharp thorn.

HARRY KNIGHT

There was a lad named Harry Knight,
Who in his class was very bright.
His future is as bright as he,
Him a professor we shall see.

EDITH KRUGER

So Edith's a teacher, can talk by the hour
Of the whys and wherefors of the rule,
Believes not in strappings, lines, scoldings and talks,
She's reviving the penitent's stool.

RAY LAMBERTSON

Ray is a Mountie, runs criminals down,
His record, it stands for the mile.
He chased the poor wretch in the centre of town,
No wonder the citizens smile.

BLAKE LETTS

Blake Letts is a teacher,
Who came back to learn,
Just how to do Latin
And make students squirm.

LYN LYONS

There hangs in Eastwood's Hall of Fame,
The picture of one, Lyn Lyon's the name.
In the orchestra he is by far the best,
While in his exams he will top the rest.

EDYTHE LYONS

Now Edythe is as fine a lass,
As there's to be had in any class.
And since she is of the Lyons' kin
If she works hard we know she'll win.

HELEN LYONS

Now Helen Lyons of Room 21
A teacher is destined to be,
May all her pupils in years to come
Turn out as clever as she.

DOUGLAS MACKAY

Mackay chases insects and makes them perform
To prove how disease are made.
An ignorant public quite fails to conceive
The thousands of lives that he's saved.

ALLISTER MACKENZIE

Allister is pompous as a lawyer with his cases,
But he hopes to be a justice on the bench that's not in school,
So we hope to see him labour when he's going other places,
When he teaches little people who have missed the golden rule.

DIANNA MALONEY

Dianna, the huntress, her bow is well bent,
Maloney, her name of Irish descent.
She's small for her age but what does that matter
She'll give you an earful of gossip and chatter.

CASSIE MAZUREK

Cassie Mazurek greets you from 19,
She's as pretty a maiden as ever was seen.
In Biology class with her hand o'er her nose,
She's watching some bunny without any clothes.

IRENE McARTHUR

Here's Irene, the little, McArthur by name,
Tho' little she's wise, no teacher to blame.
Away in the Foothills she's nurse at a mine,
Gives salve and massage, appointment at nine.

GORDON McCLARY

Wee Gordie McClary who thrives in our school,
Solemnly declares that he's nobody's fool.
Yet view him again in the years yet to come
As an air pilot teaching the motors to hum.

BILL McDONALD

Bill we find is quite a man,
At baseball, a sensation.
McDonald aims, that's if he can,
To get an education.

JOHN McEACHEN

John McEachen, first a tailor,
In after years a sergeant-major.
Bugles blowing, stripes a-showing,
Decked in medals (history), glowing.

MARIE MOISEY

Then Miss Marie Moisey, a graduate nurse,
She likes to go easy on everyone's purse.
So thus does she preach from her V.O.N. car,
"What this country needs is a good five-cent scar."

DOREEN MONTGOMERY

Doreen is sedate as the church on the hill,
Her name is Montgomery, deny it who will.
She's tough as the gorges that dam the clear stream
Where currents of subjects disturb her sweet dream.

TOM MORIMOTO

Tom Morimoto, small little guy,
Adjuster of watches and all such small fry,
Now fixes the Equinox and the Equator
And runs all the daylight from now until later.

MARION NISBET

Now Marion Nisbet sedate and demure,
A dress marker's model will turn out for sure.
Her body, so slender, as tall as a reed,
And such grace of movement—a model indeed!

LILLIAN OPPERHAUSER

Lillian makes up menus with science to aid,
Sardines, shortcake, dill pickles, a glass of orangeade.
Add lemon pie, roast beef and blackberry jam,
And if you digest it you will be a man.

VERNON PARSONS

Frequenter of paths, detours from the highways,
The main roads of learning, 'tis that that I mean.
For Parsons has studied the fun of the by-ways
Prefers the soft treading where ways are all green.

OLIVE PETERS

When Olive called Peters is strumming a tune
On the Remington Organ in varying taps,
We'll expect her to sing, at least mildly croon
Of the moonlight and rivers, that one sees on maps.

NORA PRESTON

Now Nora is Irish, a Preston of parts,
A colleen as dainty as any in green.
We fell for her charm, she captured our hearts.
In study she's brilliant, in Algebra keen.

BILL ROBERTSON

Bill Robertson is a queer sort of guy,
If he says he likes school he's telling a lie.
He's witty and smart and knows all his stuff.
Don't tell him he's dumb for he's apt to get rough.

KAY ROBINSON

Kay Robinson hails from out of town,
And soon she was used to ups and downs.
For when first to Eastwood she came to stay,
All other blondes were frightened away.

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA

EX-EASTWOOD STUDENTS AT U. OF A.

There were over thirty students attending the University of Alberta this last term who were formerly nurtured in wisdom and learning at the Eastwood High School. It may be said without undue egotism that these graduates have on the whole acquitted themselves with a certain amount of distinction. Perhaps the major share of the credit should go to Mr. Hyde and his staff for their fond tutelage — then again, it is possible that these 'Varsity students are eating more brainfood or something than in days of yore. What do you think?

The star performer from Eastwood is of course Ralph Collins. Ralph has been thirstily drinking of the fount of knowledge ever since he first toddled off to kindergarten to master his A B C's. He has been specializing in English for the last three years. His merits were recognized in his first year when he was awarded the Delta Gamma Fraternity prize in English. Not being contented with this, Collins has been pulling down prizes and scholarships in rapid succession ever since. He has been especially successful this past term. The Priscilla Hammond Memorial Scholarship in Honors English, The Aitkins Scholarship in English Language and Literature, and the Elizabeth Imrie Memorial Scholarship were awarded to Ralph, which is not a bad year's work, you will agree.

The last mentioned scholarship is of particular interest because it makes it possible for the student to whom it is awarded to attend The Zimmer School of International Affairs and the sessions of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva.

Beware, jeering athlete; this fellow Collins is no puny pedant. He plays a vicious brand of tennis, has been known to indulge in Inter-Faculty rugby, has proved to be a competent executive, a deadly debater and to have histrionic talent. Versatile? —rather! Congratulations, Ralph.

Dave C. Adams, who is taking an Honors History

LYALL ROPER

Lyall is a Roper true,
Has the habit of being blue.
He does his studies with a bang
And plays his fiddle with a twang.

BEN SAMUEL

London and Eastwood each have a "Big Ben."
Ours aims to be the tallest of men.
At rolling tennis courts he is a wizard,
He only stops when there is a blizzard.

ELZINE SAWCHUK

Elzine Sawchuk who comes from afar,
In the art of teaching will shine like a star.
She will spend the rest of her days in a school,
Expounding at length on the Golden Rule.

KATHLEEN SEMENIK

Kathleen Semenik, Kate for short,
Is full of vim and fun.
And sure she is a right good sport
When all her work is done.

PEGGY SHAW

Sweet Peggy's a doctor who makes you say, "ah,"
Simply because she considers it fun.
She'll remove your appendix and then take your wallet,
For she says, "I earn my daily bun."

EVA SHORTRIDGE

So Eva's a traveller, writes books just for sport,
Tells of Eskimos, Zulus and Finns.
Says the only drawback to that kind of life
Is that one constantly lives out of tins.

NICK SKOROPODICK

Where Nicholas got his impossible name
One wonders how he studies the same;
For spite of this bar to a good easy course
He plunges right on, and will pass thro' sheer force.

JOHN SKUBA

We see John Skuba, a teacher for sure,
As all knowledge for him has a special lure.
He came to Eastwood most eager to win,
And went away wearing an Academic Pin.

ERNIE SMITH

Ernie Smith is a pilot on the Aklavik mail,
And visits the pole once a year without fail.
This trip is at Christmas as you may well guess,
When the advent of Santa is hailed by the press.

ART SOUTHWORTH

Art's the Clark Gable of the school,
And Eastwood's hero on the ice.
He teaches girls the hockey rule
And they all think he's very nice.

WILDA SOUTHWORTH

Now Wilda, called Southworth, so bright and so gay
She speaks and she chatters without a delay,
And she has a hunch that a nurse she would make
Holding noses for doses they make patients take.

GEORGE SPRINGHAM

Now here is George Springham, we've had him before,
When schooling was cheap at Eastwood School door,
He now doctors autos, gives gas and extracts,
Truck drivers all talk of his comic wisecracks.

ISABEL STANLEY

Now Isabel Stanley's a lady of fortune,
Reads teacups and palms at pink teas.
Her futures re famous for not coming true
But they're guaranteed always to please.

MARY SYMINGTON

Here's Mary Symington as pleasant a lass
As ever took French in a French Three class
A nurse she will be, a doctor's right hand
She's practicing now in Newfoundland.

HELEN TOMIK

She's a spring to the thirsty, a bubble of fun,
A radio, gramophone, short wave in one.
Ten years from this time she'll be chattering yet,
When she does her own teaching with worry and fret.

CECIL TREDGER

Then Cecil's an airman, goes up in a plane,
His mother went up once but never again,
For even the strength of the family pride,
Goes weak at the thought of an aerial ride.

LOIS WARD

Lois Ward is an actress, you've heard of her fame.
She wears Lois Wilson for her professional name.
Her others are Smithkins, Finknottle and Greene.
And from latest rumors the next will be Teene.

JANET WATSON

Oh, Janet's a duchess, wears lorgnettes and pearls,
And nightly has concourse with kings, queens and earls.
But, alas, the sad fact this only in dreams,
She earns her real living by serving ice creams.

course, is also away to a flying start. David managed to help himself to the History Club prize last year and is usually found riding the top of his classes.

Marion Taylor aims to become a ministering angel to the afflictions and woes of mankind. She made a coup of the prize for General Proficiency in the Intermediate year nursing, the last 'varsity session. More power to you, Marion!

"Big" Bill Anderson, long to be remembered as the mightiest man who ever trod the Eastwood classrooms, graduated as a full-fledged Bachelor of Commerce this year.

Fred Bainbridge, once the only student to be depended on for one's Algebra homework, is busily engaged in an Engineering course.

Howard Barker is also committed to the same pursuit.

Likewise Gaylord Brink.

M. E. Benson (Peggy to you) has been deeply engrossed in Household Economics for the past three years.

Doug Blackie, who was taking engineering the term before last, is now injecting bitter potions of learning into a group of northern kids and doodlets.

Bob Byron has been studying chemistry for the last three years and it is said that the smells from his Byronic concoctions are fearful and wonderful.

Don Cameron received his B.A. this year and wonders what he is going to do with the "darn" thing!

Chuck Fraser graduated as a B.Sc. this spring.

Julia Gogek, the illustrious sister of the no less Morris Gogek, is expending her efforts on an Honors History course.

Olive Grant, the demure miss, graduated in Household Economics at the conclusion of this term.

Aileen Greenlees donned her Bachelor of Arts hood last year and has gone forth into the world to struggle for fame and fortune.

Horace Jacobs, the learned, attended 'varsity a year ago, but is at present said to be imparting his lore to the students of a country school.

Harry Mayer, the ex-Ma-

jor-General or something of the old formidable Eastwood "Contemptibles," is now marshalling a host of subjects behind him in an effort to annex a lawyer's degree.

Velma Miller danced her way through those inhuman sciences and emerged triumphantly with a B.Sc.

John Kelly and Steve Parlee have received their Bachelor of Arts degrees and plan to persist until they wring M.D.'s out of their Alma Mater.

John Singer is also studying to be a Medical Doctor. There must be something in the atmosphere in the Highlands—a malignant medical germ which has infected the youth of this quarter of Edmonton. Not contented with three meds in this locality, Henry Ward has thrown in his lot with the skull and cross bones gang.

Phyllis Mullen and Denise Grose are both doing well. Merran Drew is dietitian at the University Hospital.

Last year more Eastwoodites found their way to the U. of A., among whom were Iriene Roper, Sadie Gibson, the brain trust of Eastwood—Dorothy Knight and Taylor Evans. Others were Cecil Simpson, George Robertson, Herbert Christenson, Ruth Runnalls, Gordon Blott, Gordon Bell, Charlotte Colwill, John Coyne, the strong silent man from the North, and finally Chester Lambertson and Johnny Bibby, who claim they are tired of pulling their student's noses.

THE GRADUATION DANCE

The annual dance sponsored by the graduates was held on Friday evening, May 11th, at Sullivan's Academy. This year the Eastwood Alumni united with the class of 1934 to make the affair a great success. Patronesses for the occasion were Mrs. Hyde, Miss Munro, Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. Clark. Mel Hamill's Revellers supplied the music and as several members of this orchestra are former Eastwood students, it greatly added to the interest of the dance.

Really big guns never waste much time in shooting off.

DORIS WATT

Doris Watt will leave this year
She'll be a nurse, she has no fear.
A dainty white uniform she'll wear,
Curing patients with the greatest of care.

GORDON WEBSTER

Gordon is an Eastwood man,
Of Academic standing,
Webster does the best he can,
He'll make a happy landing.

ISOBEL WELLS

Isobel Wells is an active lass
Each night she attends the "Y" gym class.
Some day she'll be instructress of drill,
To put other pupils through this same mill.

ISABELL WELSH

O, Isabell Welsh of the C.G.I.T.
As nice a young lady as ever can be.
At camping she's expert at lesson divine.
Ask her the book and she'll quote you the line.

CLIFFORD WHEATCROFT

Clifford Wheatcroft, strong and handsome,
Has red hair, and then some.
Likes the girls and common "sweeties,"
And for short we call him "Wheaties."

CLARICE WILSON

As placid as a deep-running stream is Clarice,
Not even her teachers seem her to harass.
Perhaps we'll hear of her sometime in the future,
Helping Doc Shaw make a difficult suture.

ED WILSON

Ed Wilson's taking photographs
For the Podunk daily press;
His favorite pose, of course, dear friends,
Is a damsel in distress.

GEORGE WYLLIE

There came to this school one day
A boy called George Wyllie,
All the boys and, by the way,
The girls regard him highly.

HARRY YOUNG

There's a practical joker in 21,
Whose maiden name is Harry Young.
All sight and day he's rarin' to go,
And in school sports he's not so slow.

BILL YOUNIE

Some day will "Brick" become a teacher,
He's fired with hot ambition,
He looks more like a Scottish preacher
This budding Math'matician.

LILLIAN YURECHUK

Now Lillian's a singer and fusses with maths,
And laughs with merriment all her own.
Beware of the triangle, saddest of paths,
For two is a company when two are alone.

ANNE ZAHARA

Here's Anne called Zahara, she's known for her smies.
She comes for her knowledge a good many miles.
Although it was late when she entered the class
She surely has proved a bright, jolly lass.

NANCY ZINIUK

Now Nancy, called Ziniuk, pulls taffy, creams fudge,
And from the kitchen she's most hard to budge.
For the straight fact remains, very sad to relate,
She's been her best customer up to this date.

HONOUR LIST

It is very seldom that the achievements of those students of high academic standing are brought before the school and as, after all, the purpose of the school is to produce scholars, we draw to your attention the names of the following who have earned Academic Pins with averages of over 75% in seven subjects throughout the year:

Grade IX—Joan Gwynne, Ethel Lommel, Norman Mc-

Clary, Sylvia Smith, Albert Wilkie, Charles Giles, Amelia Chaban, Derek Perkins, Donald Barchyn.

Grade X—Charles Gogek, Leonard Loveseth, Murray Bolton, Morris Zaslow, Steve Balke, Irene Eamer, Beth Empey, Jean Murray, Isobel Williamson.

Grade XI—Shirley Neher, Phyllis Storie, Ruth Hedges, David Larmour, Ruth Lyons.

Grade XII—Tommy Morimoto, Alan Bell, Roger Conger, John Skuba, Helen Lyons.

THE TEACHER'S LAMENT

My class a garden is, both
rich and rare,
Aflame with all the blooms
that grace the May;
Gold primulas that brave the
morning air,
Rhodanthe, eglantine and
poppy gay.
And I, the gardener, with
priestly care
Tend blooms and blossom,
till the perfumed way
A temple seems, with incense
rising there,
So holy is the charm of each
new day.
Beauty and grace are in my
garden shown,
The foxglove's pride, the
pansy's calm repose;
Frail buds that wither ere
they be full blown,
An early wisdom is the crim-
rose.
Alas, the burden of my daily
care,
When others pluck the fruits
I may not share.

H. R. LEAVER.

WIT AND WISDOM

BY MOLLY ABRAM

It takes 13 muscles to
smile and 55 to frown. Why
overwork?

Mud slinging is dirty
work.

Saving for a rainy day is
not damp foolishness.

Some people never get
good until they start to feel
bad.

Most flappers aren't as
bad as they're painted.

It's a good idea to trust in
the Lord and not ask for
credit.

Too many females are
merely frock absorbers.

To get things coming your
way—be a go-getter.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Kindly patronize our ad-
vertisers, for it is they who
make the printing of The
Gazette possible. Support
them and mention our paper.

INDIVIDUALISM IS STILL A BIG FACTOR

There is no doubt that the economic structure of our country is undergoing far-reaching changes. The tendency of governmental regulation of internal and external trade, transportation, public services, manufacturing, merchandising, finance and wages in many of our basic industries is so significant that the full import of these policies may be a decade in realization. At the moment our concern is about our individual fortunes. Public welfare is important but personal survival is vital. The individual judges movements by the way they affect him. It's a sensible principle of judgment, for if he isn't benefited by it why should he favor a movement? The point, of course, is that the greatest number be benefited. Thus success is assured.

But, whatever course destiny takes, the individual is still supreme. He directs and will continue to direct the forces that make our lives. Machines, regulations and theories are his servants. They will never rule him.

The period immediately following the collapse of our inflated prosperity has served to illustrate vividly and painfully the lot of the inefficient in industry and business. There never was any real place for mediocrity. The recent less profitable times in manufacturing, merchandising, transportation, public services and finance have forced demands for economies and efficiencies that might otherwise have been long delayed. Industry and business are today demanding a higher type of service of the individual employee than has been the case at any former period. Mediocrity, inefficiency or failure to render conscientious and consistent service have no place in the rehabilitation of industry or the welfare of the individual.

And, after all is said and done, **what a man is, and what he will become** greatly depends upon his training—and his training is his individual responsibility. His schooling, his present social environment may have been largely a matter of chance.

But his future is his to build. Each day he makes choices which mold it and determine how far he will control it.

To adequately meet the requirements of this new condition, demands specialized training. Some young men and women will get this specialized training in college, university or technical school, but for the vast majority directed home study is the answer to this individual problem.

For 42 years, International Correspondence Schools have been counsel and comrade to ambitious men and women. Many of the business leaders of "today" were the I.C.S. students of "yesterday."

Understand, we do not claim that I.C.S. training is a complete substitute for a college career, but we do claim that, in technical knowledge on a given subject made available, I.C.S. is the **equivalent** of any college training. And the comparison is made with colleges of the highest rank. Only years of experience can produce this type of educational service—a service that has been utilized by more than 4,000,000 men and women, whose ambition has been inspired by the desire for increased efficiency and income, wider culture or greater service.

You are standing on the threshold of a new era in this nation's economic and social life. Today more than ever before, **training** is an essential to success.

EASTWOOD WINS

The Eastwood High School baseball team defeated 'Scona 9 to 7 on Tuesday, May 5th, for the city championship.

LET'S LEFF

First (inquiringly)—"Are you Freda Greenwood?"

Second (surprised)—"No!"

First (icily)—"Well I am and that's her book you're taking."

Mr. Younie—"Did your big brother help you with this problem?"

Joyce Warren—"No, I got it wrong myself."

Leonard Loveseth (aggrieved)—"Father, the donkey kicked me."

Mr. Loveseth—"Have you been annoying it?"

Leonard—"No! I was only trying to carve my initials on it!"

Walter Baylis (to Billy Barr, on his way home from fishing on Sunday afternoon)—"Did you get anything?"

Bill—"Nope. I haven't been home yet."

"If you print any more jokes about Scotsmen, I shall cease borrowing your paper," writes a man from Aberdeen.

"Well," said the visitor to the little son of the famous motorist, "and how are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said the little chap. "I'm now learning words of five cylinders."

Doctor—"When did you first suspect your brother was mentally deranged?"

Stuart Blackie—"When he shook the hall tree and started feeling around the floor for apples."

Mary, gazing at her one-day-old brother squealing and yelling in his cot—"Has he come from heaven?"

Grannie—"Yes, dear."

Mary—"No wonder they put him out."

AUTOGRAPHS